

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

TWELVE NOON.

By ISABEL FROST.

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It had never seemed quite so hard as that Saturday morning. For over a year Tess had worked in the big paper box factory on MacDougal street, carrying tall piles of boxes back and forth as they were finished by the older "hands" and ready for the packers.

She was fifteen when she started in and the \$4 a week had seemed so much to the little family tucked away in three rooms on Sullivan St. With her mother and Danny helping too it wasn't hard to get along at all, and when the weather was good they all went over into Washington to rest and dream awhile.

But up in the factory the other girls had never admitted her into that inner circle of friendly intimacy that always exists where there are fellow workers. Perhaps it was because she wasn't pretty. The first week she had gone there Carl, the shipping clerk, had sized her up jealously and remarked that "she'd be some frost at the Winter Garden with that face hung on her."

Tess had heard and hated him with all her heart, even while the hot tears filled her eyes, and she bit her lip to keep back the swift retort. She had taken a good look at herself in the little crooked mirror over the wash basin where the girls put on their hats, and it was perfectly true. She wasn't a bit pretty.

She didn't know how to do her hair attractively and in style, and she had freckles, and her mouth was too large. There was no one to tell her that her eyes were big and lustrous and her complexion clear and pink. When she smiled there was a charm that brightened her whole face. It came as a bright ray from a mother who had been born near Killarney. But Tess only saw the red hair and freckles, and hated them with all her heart.

The next year it was much worse. The boys and girls in the factory formed a social club, and gave little dances and picnics, and Tess was left out with old Julia, the scrubwoman, and Lizzie, the little hunchback sister of labels. She tried to think she didn't care, but when Tom Blake came to work on the freight elevator, she knew she did. She had given everything she owned to make Tom look at her as he looked at some of the other girls, and especially Telka.

Telka was one of the experienced hands on bridal cake boxes. She pasted on the satin striped paper and the delicate, frostlike lace linings, and always sang as she worked. She was from Northern Hungary, with the mystery of the Magyars in her curious, attractive eyes and slow smile. Once when one of the boys had tried to kiss her, she had slapped him, and when he had hurled a choice bit of good old Bowery "call down" at her return, Telka had promptly seized her scissors and chased him downstairs into a corner until he begged her pardon.

The second week, as Tess was going down on the freight elevator at noon time, Tom took a bunch of flowers from

By BIDDY BYE.

The tomato is America's most popular vegetable for canning. Over 10,000,000 cases, each containing 24 cans, are packed annually. Nevertheless, the housewife who adds one or a dozen cans to this remarkable output is doing a necessary bit of war work.

No sugar is required—their own acid acts as a preservative if the cans are properly sealed.

Tomatoes may be canned whole or in pieces, depending upon the size and the use. Instead of adding syrup, use tomato juice. Water decreases their food value as well as flavor.

Water Bath Canning.

Grade and sort the tomatoes according to ripeness, size and quality. Scale 1-2 minutes, then dip into cold water. Remove cores, stems and skins, and pack directly into cans or hot jars. Press down with a wooden or silver tablespoon (add no water). Add a level teaspoonful of salt per quart. Place rubbers and caps in position, turn down caps loosely, and set cans in a water bath or wash boiler canning outfit. Sterilize, that is boil, 22 minutes. Remove jars, tighten covers, and invert to cool. Any leakage proves that the container is imperfect, or has been imperfectly sealed, and tomatoes must

be pasted on shoe box at his feet and gave them to Telka. They were not large. There was no one to tell her that her eyes were big and lustrous and her complexion clear and pink. When she smiled there was a charm that brightened her whole face. It came as a bright ray from a mother who had been born near Killarney. But Tess only saw the red hair and freckles, and hated them with all her heart.

"We live up in Fordham," Tom said. "Mother picked that bunch for me this morning from her garden. Like it?"

Telka smiled, her face behind the flowers. Surely she liked them. Tess watched them both with a little heartache of curiosity. What was this love that bloomed overnight like a flower itself and brought the lustre to the eyes and the color to the cheeks of girls like Telka? When the Hungarian girl got off at the sixth floor, Tom turned and saw his other passenger, her arms full of boxes as usual.

"Hello, kid," he said happily. "Can I light a match on your hair?"

"Smarty," retorted Tess, hotly, and Tom looked at her twice. Dimples and red curly hair were not such a bad combination after all. Telka was drowsy and indolent in her way unless roused to anger, but here was a girl with a bit of old Ireland in her make-up like a dash of pepper. The next day, he brought some roses for Tess, but she was busy in the packing room, and he gave them to Telka at the last moment. Then, when the days grew warm, the social club arranged for a Sunday outing up the Hudson. Tess heard the girls talking about it and planning. It seemed as if she could feel the weight of her own heart in her loneliness. If only there was some one who wanted her most of all, some

one whom she wanted, too. Tom called to her as she went up the stairs Saturday morning, but she did not notice him. All at once she felt a great bitterness against the whole cruel pressure, the daily grind that ate up youth and happiness, the pitiful little four dollars that was due her that night, old Levin's face at the time clock when she rang up, Miss Gullitsky, the forewoman, giving out the work for the day—what was it all worth in the big count up of life?

That morning at breakfast her mother had been telling of her home in the old country, of the beautiful lakes of Killarney and the lifting glory of the hills around them. It seemed like another world to Tess from this narrow street filled with crowding Italian children, and the endless rows of factories and shops below Bleeker street.

She was thinking of this, hating her work, her companions, Telka's sleek, dark head, the sound of the machinery, everything in the place.

"We'll be let out at twelve noon today," the girl at the checking desk said. "Boss's got a soft heart, I guess, on account of the picnic. What you going to wear, Tess?"

Tess scowled. It was on the tip of her tongue to say she wasn't going. The clock over her head said ten minutes to 12. She caught up her last load of boxes and started for the inclosed wooden stairs. And half way down she saw a little curling feather of smoke. It was ever so slight, hardly noticeable, only when you work in a paper box factory you grow to see such things very quickly. In ten minutes or less it would eat its way through and the wood partitions would blaze up like match wood. Tess started at it, and then went deliberately on down to the second floor.

They would have their picnic without her, would they? They would laugh at her red hair and call her Irish, would they? She'd show them. It gave her the strangest, most wonderful thrill to know how she held the fate of the whole factory in her hands. Of course they would get out in time. She just wanted to give them a good scare. All the time her last lot of boxes were being packed for shipment, she stood looking at the clock, counting minutes. Five, six, seven. Suddenly she turned and ran for the stairs. Levin's called after her that the door was locked, she'd have to use the freight elevator if she wanted to go up. But that red hair was not without its own significance. Tess reached the little fire alarm box by the door and before any one could stop her she had smashed the glass and turned the key around.

Twelve noon found the girls making for the stairway in a panic of fear, the fear of the paper box worker. And the stairs were filled with the peril of death, rising clouds of choking smoke that drove them back. Tom's voice above all called them to the freight elevator, and Tess was leading them like a lot of sheep to safety, when she missed Telka. She went back into the smoke just as the firemen came on a run.

It was Tom who found her, still gripping the fainting girl in her strong young arms, her ankle twisted in her fall; and he carried them both to safety. The next day as the steamer turned

it. He loves me because he realizes that if he did not he would be terribly ungrateful. I think Harry reverences me above all womankind, but reverence is a cold emotion.

"I don't want to be a saint in a niche, and when this story comes out everyone will say, 'Poor Eliene Symone, she must be a saint to put up with what she has!'"

"Margie, I have been blessed in the twins to an extent that would make even a greater grief only a just compensation. Sometimes I think I love them better than my own little girl, and if I could only wipe the slate clean of memory I would be the happiest woman alive."

"I used to think when I heard you say that you wished you had a good forgettery to hide away all disagreeable memories that you only said it because you thought it was clever, but, dear, if I were making this world over again I would have the place of memories very small and the forgetteries very large."

"Harry says to tell Dick he is sure to be elected mayor and if he is he wants him on the school board."

"I hope both you and Dick are gaining in health and happiness out there in the land of sunshine. Somehow I have always felt, Margie, that you too have had your Gethsemane. Forgive me, if I have opened a secret door and remember I love you as much as one woman can love another."

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

My mail was very large this morning, dear little book, and very interesting. With the letters from Annie and little Margaret Ann came a note from Eliene and a letter from Mollie.

Eliene writes: "I miss you very much, Margie, I feel as though I were sitting on dynamite. Each day I pick up the papers with fear and trembling, expecting to see that awful story spread over the front pages. Sometimes I wish it would come and have it over."

"Harry is in such a nervous state that he is like a walking skeleton. Last night we were dining with friends and the conversation turned to the subject of a woman's sticking to her husband through thick and thin. I was on pins and needles. Although I realized that no one knew anything about the black chapter in Harry's and my life yet I could feel the way in which they would discuss the conversation when they did know."

"Harry could not keep still and he said impulsively, 'A real woman will forgive. I sometimes think we men would stand a very poor show if it were not for that divine maternal instinct that makes a woman want to take not only her erring child but her erring husband into her protecting arms.'"

"But Harry," said a woman much older than the rest of us, I wonder if you men realize how those protecting arms ache with the burden of it all."

"Harry looked up at me quickly and a look of compassion came into his eyes with such intensity that I trembled for fear someone else at the table would notice it."

"And then, Margie, I realized a queer thing. As I looked about that table I found that nearly every man and woman sitting there was looking not at Harry or at me, but at each other. They had forgotten convention and were auditing accounts."

"The host was the first to recover and he said, 'Come, Mother, let's get our wraps as the motors are here which are to take us to the theater.'"

"Everyone smiled at the word Mother, for his wife was very young and the least maternal in her attitude of any of the women at the table."

"Oh, Margie, Margie, I don't want to have that maternal love for Harry be speaks about. I want my lover back, the lover I believed would protect me—would be loyal to me. Yes, dear, I love him and I know that he loves me, but I want him to love me as he loved the mother of Budge and Teddy because he could not help

TOMATOES

be sterilized a second time.

Corn and Tomatoes.

Scald fresh corn on the cob 5 minutes and cold-dip. Scald the tomatoes 1-2 minutes and cold-dip, then core and peel. Cut tomatoes in pieces and mix 2 parts of tomatoes with one part of corn. Add one level teaspoonful of salt per quart and pack mixture in hot jars. Put rubbers and caps in position, set cans in water bath canning outfit, commercial or homemade, and sterilize 120 minutes.

Thick Tomatoes.

Housewives who prefer a thick product often cook the tomatoes in a preserving kettle until they reach the desired consistency before pouring them into jars. Then the cans are set in a water bath and their contents sterilized 20 minutes.

Tomato Mince-meat.

Slice green tomatoes and sprinkle with salt. Put into a cheesecloth bag and hang up to drip over night. In the morning add an equal weight of sugar and cook until the tomatoes are tender. To 7 pounds of cooked tomatoes add 3 pounds seedless raisins, with maca and cinnamon to taste. Cook 10 minutes and turn into any kind of sterilized containers. The mixture will keep without sealing. Other fruits may

be added when the pies are baked if desired.

Preserved Tomatoes.

Yellow, pear or cherry tomatoes make the most attractive preserves. Scald the tomatoes and remove the skins carefully, weigh, add equal weight of sugar, and put into a preserving kettle. Add one level teaspoonful of shaved green ginger root for each 2 pounds of tomatoes. Preserved ginger may be used. Boil 10 minutes then remove tomatoes from syrup and spread them on a platter to cool. This will keep them from breaking to pieces. Boil syrup to the desired thickness, add tomatoes and simmer gently, put into jars while hot, adding a slice of lemon to each jar before sealing.

Open Kettle Canning.

The old-fashioned open-kettle process of canning tomatoes is followed successfully by many housewives. Prepare the tomatoes in the usual way, allow a level teaspoonful of salt to each quart and stew in an aluminum or porcelain-lined preserving kettle. Add no water and bring to a boil slowly then cook at least 30 minutes. Turn into sterilized jars, seal and invert to cool. When using a spoon, fork or cup with the tomatoes, first dip it into boiling water.

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HEALTH HINTS

The importance of lice as transmitters of disease has been demonstrated in recent investigations of what is known as American typhus fever.

In studying the identity of this disease with that known as Brill's disease, it has been shown that the body louse is probably the actual distributing agency and the head louse is believed to be as active an agent. These parasites pass the whole of their existence on the mammalian forms. Very few of the species are ever found upon other species of animal than that they normally infest.

Those infesting man are approximately one-tenth of an inch in length

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS SAY

About Backache, Swelling of Feet, Kidneys, Rheumatism.

Such words as these are heard all over West Virginia.

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Grassy, W. Va., writes: "I wish to explain what goes on in my life. I have been in bad health for years. Last winter I was taken very ill with pains and aching all over. My hips and legs hurt me so that I could not do any kind of work and wear my shoes were so swollen I could not wear them. I happened to see in a paper about Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets so I sent for a trial package. I took them according to directions, and the swelling all left my ankles, the pain and



MRS. ELIZABETH PORTER.

soreness left my back, and I felt so much better that I got a fifty-cent box. I will continue to use them as long as I think I need them.

"My little boy, aged 14 years, was taken down with rheumatism. I had two doctors with him that did him

and can be readily found on close observation of the scalp or clothing. They are rarely found on the uncovered skin.

It should always be borne in mind that lice must grow from eggs laid by an adult louse and can never originate from filth or other matter. They hatch out within a week and the young are competent to reproduce in less than two weeks.

A single adult female is capable of producing a family of 5,000 within eight weeks.

The annoyance and inconvenience of their presence may be the only ill result, but in many individuals this leads to sufficient nervous irritation as to cause ill health.

Scratching often leads to infection from dirt and filth under the fingernails. In children of low physical resistance this frequently leads to serious results.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

HOUSEMAID'S KNEE.

Miss C. S.: "How can I get rid of housemaid's knee? Have suffered from it for several months and liniments give no relief."

If possible discontinue work for a while, as rest is a necessary part of treatment. A plaster of Paris cast may be necessary or in some cases an operation must be resorted to.

TESTIMONIALS
FOR MEDICINES

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine
Company Publishes Only
Genuine Ones.

The testimonials published by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company are unsolicited. Before they are used the Company takes great care to inform itself about the writer. Never knowingly, has it published an untruthful letter; never is a letter published without written consent signed by the writer. The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and illness.

It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is well and who has never suffered to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; and their desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM.

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Fashioned of Covert Cloth,
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New trimmings used are,
Crewel Worsted Embroidery,
Braid Binding, Bright Buckles,
Novel Bone Buttons and Sou-
tache Braid.

New Style Effects are: Tunics,
Shirred Waist Lines, Distended
Pockets, Flowing Belts and Roll-
ing Collars.

A large assortment is ready
in Blue, Black, Toupe, Rookie
and other leading shades.

Osgood's "The Best Place to
Shop, After All"

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NUMBER 118

Present three of these coupons consecutively numbered at the office of The West Virginian with 98c cash and get a beautiful Flag 4x6 feet, with sewed stripes, guaranteed fast colors.

Realizing the need of every family in Fairmont and vicinity for an American Flag to display on patriotic holidays, we have arranged to supply a limited number of our readers at ridiculously small cost in spite of the fact that the price of flags has almost doubled in the last few weeks. All you need do is clip 3 of the above coupons consecutively numbered and present them at The West Virginian office with 98 cents in cash and the flag is yours. Tax cents extra for mailing if not called for.

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The impurities and dangers are only added to in this way. For more than fifty years S. S. S. has been the one recognized reliable blood remedy that has been used

with highly satisfactory results for Scrofula. Being made of the roots and herbs of the forest, it is guaranteed purely vegetable, and absolutely free from all mineral ingredients.

You can obtain S. S. S. from any druggist. Our chief medical adviser is an expert on all blood disorders, and will cheerfully give you full advice as to the treatment of your own case. Address Swift Specific Co., Dept. F Atlanta, Ga.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR HAS ANOTHER THINK COMING)—BY ALLMAN.

